

I Went Out Last Night

Last Night

So last night, after jamming with the band, the decision was made to go to a bar and have a few drinks. Much to everyone's surprise, I decided to go along. Yeah, the world is coming to an end. We choose to visit a bar that typically has bands on Saturday nights and that band has a particular history with me. It's where she and I used to go, and where she still goes. It's kind of hard to avoid because there are so few bars that feature decent bands in this area that choices are somewhat limited. I rolled that dice and figured we'd see what happened.

Well, I had a good time in spite of myself. The band was good, and the place was packed. This being Halloween weekend, there were lot's of people there in costume and it was a great people watching experience. I had a little too much to drink but I'm not going to beat myself up for that one. I had started a little earlier in the evening and forgot myself once I got there. I had to resist the urge to get my Mack on, but I had a little help from my friends and my sub-conscience, both of which told me to just observe and enjoy. I'm glad I did.

However, and we knew this was coming. I had a little internal struggle going on most of the night. I was looking for her to be there. That was a double-edged sword type of thing. Part of me was looking, hoping to see her, and part of me was hoping not to see her, and trying to figure out what to do if I did. I didn't spend quite as much time doing that after I'd been there for a while, beer and sweet ladies and all, but the thought crossed my mind more times than I can count. I guess that's normal when you're releasing yourself back into the wild.

And thus the title of this blog. This is pretty much my first time going out to a bar single since the nuclear meltdown that was my last relationship. I've been out once before but it didn't count because we weren't officially done and I just bored and kinda lonely. This was actually me going out with friends for the purpose of having a good time and relaxing after practice.

I have to admit that the advise that people give about getting back out there and enjoying life is pretty good. You tend to forget that there is a world outside of the relationship you're in, and getting out is the best reminder that there is some else. <grammar> Plenty else. It's great to be back in the world again. Of course there was that ghost hanging over my head all night long, but I suppose that will pass in time.

Support

My best friend and his girlfriend and her brother were with me, thank God. She kept me out of trouble cause I wanted to get my Mack on, and she filtered them out nicely for me. lol. The fact is, I don't need to be getting my Mack on right now. Watching and observing is what I should be don't. Getting back into the rhythm of life and enjoying it again. Single. Not looking, for anything, not even a one night stand; which I don't really want in the first place. It was nice to have somebody there that could filter out some of the bad picks I was making too. Once I took off my alcohol goggles I could see that.

The Love Junkies were good too. They provided a very nice distraction for me to focus on and remind myself what I should be doing with my time on a Saturday night. Entertaining the hell out of people in a bar somewhere. Look for that to happen, cause I'm pretty focused on that right now.

Get out, see the world, remind yourself that there are more than four walls and more than enough people to keep you entertained. Tom, Kat, Joey; Thanks.

